

A WORD OF CAUTION.

We have cool, healthful weather just now in New York, with an atmosphere fit to tempt home the sojourners in the cold regions of the mountains and the night chilliness and dampness of the seashore. But our authorities must not forget that the month of September is a trying one in the city, and that it is even more essential to attend strictly to sanitary regulations and precautions at this season of the year than in midsummer.

Are our streets in the condition we should desire? Is the city as free as we could wish it to be from disease-breeding odors and nuisances? Are our tenement-houses as well looked after by the health officers as they ought to be?

These are important matters to consider. We have secured valuable changes in our Quarantine management, thanks to Gov. Hiss's courage and firmness, but it is not yet as satisfactory as it might be, and pestilence is threatening some parts of our coast. We have a faithful Street-Cleaning Commissioner, but the condition of the street pavements and a lack of harmonious co-operation between the departments interfere materially with his work. The schools will soon open, and children will be drawn together again in large numbers. Is the sanitary condition of the schools perfect?

These are questions of very grave interest at this time. It is the duty of all the authorities clothed with sanitary duties to discharge them with zeal and fidelity now, in especial, when the dangerous month of September approaches and people are beginning to flock back into the city from the temporary summer homes.

BEARING CANADA.

It is an open secret that the rejection of the proposed Canadian treaty by the Republican Senate had in it as much politics as patriotism. It was intended to make the treaty, with its alleged undue concessions to Canada, a valuable piece of capital for stump orators on the Republican side during the campaign.

President CLEVELAND's message to Congress changes the situation. The President says to the Republican Senators: "Having rejected the treaty, I now ask you to place in my hands an efficient power to retaliate upon the Canadians if they continue the unfriendly and unjust attitude they have assumed towards our American fishermen."

The President points out that the provision of the treaty of 1873, giving Canada the privilege of free transit in bond through the United States for her exports and imports, terminated on July 1, 1885. He calls on Congress to give him the power to suspend by proclamation the operation of all laws and regulations permitting the transit of goods, wares and merchandise in bond across or over the territory of the United States to and from Canada. He further asks that authority be conferred to discriminate against Canadian vessels using our canals precisely as American vessels are discriminated against on Canadian canals.

If Congress concedes these powers, a blow will be struck at Canada which will compel the fair and just treatment of our fishing vessels in Canadian waters and ports. The message is bold and patriotic and completely turns the tables on the Republicans in their Fisheries policy.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

Next to the right to choose husbands for themselves the girls of America claim and ought to be conceded the right to be "bused" in their work by an acceptable foreman or superintendent, especially if he is of the male sex. Every proprietor of a factory which employs young women ought to concede this. Indeed, his self-interest ought to point out to him the expediency of pleasing the girls in his selection of his overseer. An unwilling and dissatisfied worker is never profitable to an employer, and this is doubly true when the employee is a female.

A celluloid factory in this city and Newark is up in arms against a foreman who seems to do his best to make himself objectionable to the girl workers, calling them unpleasant names and tyrannizing over them in all sorts of ways. Moreover, the foreman is, as they complain, "a little bit of a fellow, weighing only a little over one hundred pounds, with faded brown hair and a ghost of a mustache." So the girls have "struck" and demand the removal of the objectionable overseer.

The proprietors appear disposed to stand by the foreman. This is unwise. They should seek to satisfy their workpeople in such a matter. It will be their best policy to let the 100-pound overseer go and give the girls a boss of a respectable weight, with pleasant manners, and a good, substantial mustache. Labor has rights which capital ought to respect.

Mayor GRACE told the FARESETT Committee yesterday that he is not a candidate for Governor. We do not think he is, or ever will be.

Ex-Mayor GRACE testifies that he refused to discount the campaign notes so much talked about in the campaign of 1885. It does not appear, however, that he was offered the same rate of discount he received

on the notes he cashed for FREDERICK WARD and JAMES D. FIER, now of Sing Sing and Auburn.

"OUR CHAUNCEY," the greatest living orator, is to be received on his arrival in New York after the fashion of the greatest living statesman. But in Mr. DEWEY's case the enthusiasm will be moderated by a charge of five dollars for the privilege of participating in the reception.

Ex-Mayor GRACE did as much as he could against Gov. HILL in his testimony before the FARESETT Committee yesterday. But he made his malice and hatred so apparent that his statements lost all force and did no damage to anybody but himself.

The Gas Commission appears to be well disposed to arrange for the lighting of Stuyvesant Park as promptly as possible. The Park will probably be opened to the public in a few days.

The attempt of a wine dealer to collect a bill of a customer through a charge of larceny may turn out an expensive experiment if the story of the arrested customer proves to be true.

SEEN ON MARKET STALLS.

Squash, 15 cents.  
Haddock, 8 cents.  
Buckfish, 10 cents.  
Lafayette, 10 cents.  
Egg plant, 5 cents each.  
Celery, 15 cents a bunch.  
Grapes, 25 cents a pound.  
Mushrooms, 5 to 10 cents.  
Tomatoes, 8 cents a dozen.  
Whitefish, 12 cents a pound.  
Whitebait, 30 cents a pound.  
Green okra, 10 cents a quart.  
Pumpkins, 20 to 40 cents a dozen.  
Sheephead, 20 cents a pound.  
Sweet potatoes, 10 cents a quart.  
Apples, 15 cents a measure.  
Cauliflower, 10 cents; best 20 to 25 cents.  
Green corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 20 cents.  
Pears, 10 to 15 cents a basket; 40 to 50 cents a dozen.  
Peaches, 75 cents to \$1.50 a basket; 25 to 40 cents a dozen.

WORLDLINGS.

A San Francisco couple who desired to get married, had a ceremony performed in the open sea.

William Thomas, of Rochester, Ind., owns a silk bandanna handkerchief that has been in his family more than a hundred years. It is the oldest bandanna in the State and will play a conspicuous part in the campaign this fall.

There are four matrons in Media, Pa., who are the mothers of eighty-four children. Mrs. William Wright boasts of fifteen. Mrs. Samuel Field of twenty-eight. Mrs. Joseph Chandler of twenty-five and Mrs. Barrett of sixteen.

John McCune, the largest single oil producer in the world, landed at Castle Garden less than twenty-five years ago with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. He drifted into the oil country, became an oil well driller, and his estate is now worth \$10,000,000.

A drum owned by Horace Thomas, of Visalia, Cal., was carried by his father in the battle of New Orleans, and afterwards sounded its notes of alarm at the battles of Tippecanoe and Hocking river. It was made from a geyser log, the heart of which had been hollowed out, and both heads are gone, but it is highly prized as a relic.

Checked Impostively.

[From Judge.]



Mr. Mulvey—Do you know what the French is for "I love?"  
Miss Babbette—Certainly. By the way, do you happen to know what p-o-r-t-e means?  
Mr. Mulvey—It means "the door," I believe.  
Miss Babbette (pointing)—Do I?

Congratulations.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reading THE EVENING WORLD (the people's paper) of the 22d I saw the words "Victory. The Stuyvesant Park will be open." Please accept my congratulations for the strong effort you made in behalf of the people. Your motto "Open the Gates," and let me add "Down with Monopoly," is crowned with success as usual. The Evening World cannot be praised enough for its vigorous efforts in behalf of the poor people. Let us hope that Stuyvesant Park will soon be properly lighted so that the people this summer may yet enjoy the evening opening.  
P. H. HENCKHOFF,  
89 Delancey street.

Dr. Scott Secures "My Sister."

Dr. Scott, of Pittsburgh, a dentist and playwright, secured a warrant for the arrest of Marion Ogden, who was stopping at the Park Hotel. He charged Ogden with the larceny of the manuscript of "My Sister," a play which he wrote and determined to "put on the road. He engaged Ogden, who was then a reporter on the Pittsburgh Post, as manager. Previous to this Ogden had been with Ogden came to this city to have the play copied in type. He instructed the manuscript to a typewriter, but Ogden secured the manuscript and yesterday a lawyer appeared in the court and delivered the manuscript to Dr. Scott.

Mrs. Norton Receives \$8,700.

TORRENS, Kan., Aug. 23.—Ex-Gov. Chas. F. Johnson, of St. Louis, whom Moore and Mrs. John Norton retained as counsel, came to the city at noon, his business being to close up the affairs of Mrs. Norton and her husband, John W. Norton, relating to the property she brought to the city in her right with Moore and which the left with her attorneys. By the terms of the compromise \$4,700 in cash, a \$1,000 United States bond, jewelry of the value of \$3,000 and her wardrobe were allowed Mrs. Norton, while the mortgage on the Vanderburgh property and the real estate in St. Louis go to Norton.

Thanks His Boy Was Thrown Off the Roof.  
Coroner EIDMAN has been moved to thoroughly investigate the death of seven-year-old Oscar H. Zucca, of 33 West Sixty-first street, who, it is claimed, fell from the roof of that house while flying a kite, Wednesday evening.  
Anthony Zucca, the father of the deceased boy, states that he thinks his son was pushed from the roof by his companions, William Hartman, of 23 West Fifty-first street, and two other boys named Eckert and Foster, who live near by.

Meeting of the Hygiene Association.

A meeting of the Lawrence P. Hygiene Association will be held this evening at its rooms, One Hundred and Twelfth street and Second avenue.

Not a Joy Forever.

[From the Rochester Post.]  
Miss Joy, of Tennessee, is considered the belle of Narragansett Pier. If she has a marriageable mind, it is safe to say that she is a thing of beauty that will not be a joy forever.

If you want to relieve the distress of something which has gone wrong, try the following: 25 cents.

JOKES VIEWED FROM AFAR.

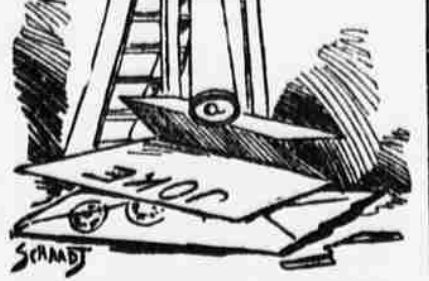
A PRUDENT METHOD OF DISCOVERING THE \$25 WITTCISM.

After a short reflection the painter accepted the conditions. In a few days the painter came with the picture and handed it to the miller for his inspection. The miller said: "I never saw a better painting in my life, and it is all right except one thing." And what is that?" said the painter. "I don't see the man at the window," answered the miller. "Oh, he has just dozed down," said the painter. "N. F. HAZARDON."  
63 Newton street, Newark, N. J., Aug. 22.

SINCLAIR WOULD MARRY AGAIN.

And to That End Would Hear Something or Nothing of His First Wife.

James J. Thornley, of 29 Park row, wants information of Mrs. Mary Sinclair, wife of Thomas Sinclair, late of Hamilton, Canada, whether she is living or dead.



How a Tramp Disposes of His Wealth.

A tramp stood on a street corner, and placing around his neck a ten-cent piece ring in the gutter. Happily he stepped out and picked it up, and after turning it over several times returned to the corner. After thinking awhile he whispered to himself, "I need a drink and I need a shave." Finally he comes to the conclusion to toss for choice. Should it come down head he gets a drink. If it gets a tail, he tosses the coin and it comes a tail. He looks disappointed and finally concludes that it was not a fair toss. So up it goes again, drops on the ground—and rolls into the sewer.

A Remarkable Correspondent.

Mr. T. Jefferson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson and begs to request that he will keep his "dogs" from trespassing on his grounds.

Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Jefferson and begs to suggest that in the future he should not spell "dogs" with two G's.

Mr. T. J.'s respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter "G" to the last word in the note just received so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady.

Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Jefferson's note unopened, saying the impertinence it contains is only equalled by its vulgarity.

A Natural Inference.

A young boy, seeing a man whitewashing a house, walked up to him and asked him if he was going to show it.

Little Jack Horner the Cop.

Policeman Jack Horner saw a boy on the corner stealing a can of beer. He said to him "Come," and he took up the can. And put him up for a year.

He Never Smiled Again.

They were fond of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman, but he never came. She answered his ring at the door bell. Said he: "Ah, Miss —, I believe, in your father within?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you have a seed him personally?" "Yes, miss," was his brief response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business." And he very proudly turned to go away. "I beg pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.

In High Society.

A man in a library, whom we will call Kelly, was one day cutting books in a wheelbarrow when a gentleman, noticing a big bug on his shoulder, said: "Mr. Kelly, there is a large bug on your shoulder." He replied: "Never mind; leave him there, it is not every day a man can be in the society of a 'big bug.'" He received \$1 for the joke.

The Tables Turned.

A father once wanted his boy to get a pint of beer. The boy took the money and was waiting for the money. The father asked him what he was waiting for. He replied: "The money, of course." "Oh!" the father says, anybody can get beer with money. Go and get it without money." The boy reflected a little while, took the pitcher and went out. Then coming back, he placed the pitcher on the table saying: "There, father." The father takes the pitcher and is in the act of pouring out the beer, but finding there is none, says: "How is this? There is no beer here." "Oh!" says Johnny, "anybody can drink beer when they've got it. You drink it when you haven't got it."

A Good Substitute.

"Did you ever go to circus, Jim?" asked one smallurchin of another.  
"Not a real circus," said Jim, reflectively.  
"But I've seen my mother water the garden with the hose."

He Was Sure of It.

In a certain prominent law office in this city the senior member of the firm (who, by the way, is not at all sparing with tongue-lashings on his clerks) had occasion to ask for a certain volume of law reports, and said: "Mr. G., will you kindly let me have the fifth volume of the Code Reports?" By mistake the clerk handed him the sixth volume, and the lawyer, turning to the page desired, discovered the error, and being in a hurry and angry at the error, yelled at the clerk, who was standing beside his chair: "By God, G., I think you are next to a confounded idiot when the clerk calls and you say: 'You think so? I'm sure of it.'"  
JOS. L. GREEN, 346 Broadway.

Said I Was an Anarchist.

I was on Broadway one morning when a tramp came up to me and asked me for 10 cents to get a drink with. When I told him I would not give it to him he began to annoy me. I stood it as long as I could. Then I picked him up in my arms and threw him in the gutter. Just then a policeman came along and arrested me. When we arrived at the station-house he told to the judge that I was an anarchist, and said: "Judge—What did this man do?"  
Policeman—He threw a bum.

Another Artist Story.

A landscape painter met a miller on a country road one day, and he asked the miller if he would like to have a fine painting of his mill and surroundings. The miller, thinking to have some fun with the painter, said yes, provided he would come to a certain agreement that the miller might make. The painter said: "Go ahead, and let me hear in what way you would like your mill painted." "Now," said the miller, "I want you to paint the picture exactly as you see it, with the mill and the house and cart in front of the mill, and there where you see that window open I want you to paint it so that a man will be looking out of the window. But you must paint it so that when you look at it he will doze down. If you can do that."

TICKETS IN GREAT DEMAND.

THOUSANDS OF LITTLE ONES WANT TO GO ON "THE WORLD'S" EXCURSION.

Distribution of Tickets by "The Evening World" Physician—It is Necessary to Deny Many of the Boys, so that There Will Be Room for the Doctor's Little Patients—A Visit to the Old Stewart Mansion, New an Italian Tenement.

"Doctor, me mammy wants er ticket fur de World skurshin. She told me to tell ye," exclaimed a distressingly dirty little chap to THE EVENING WORLD physician, as he turned into Cherry street yesterday afternoon.

"How many children want to go?" asked the doctor, drawing out a pack of tickets.

"Five of us, sir. We all want to go," exclaimed the lad, eagerly.

"But only the sick little ones are to go my boy," explained the doctor, "not you big, strong boys."

"Am I too big, sir?" questioned a pale-faced, lustrous-eyed little fellow of about ten years. "I don't think I'm very big."

"You are too big for this, my little man," answered the physician.

"Oh, dear! I wanted to go so bad," sobbed the disappointed child, as he turned away with only the tickets for "mammy" and "der baby."

Applications from all sides began as soon as the physician neared the neighborhood of any of his previous visits. A great many children too old to be included begged to go, and were grievously disappointed when refused.

"They are a good lot to have a much's a beer keg of for the kids," said one little chap to his playfellows.

"Yes'n niles o' bread an' butter!" exclaimed another.

"I asked 'em to questioned a little girl in a pink apron and a frizzy head.

A visit was made yesterday to the Old Stewart mansion on the southeast corner of Bleeker and Sullivan streets, but, strange to relate, not a sick or ailing child was found on the whole block. The lofty, airy rooms are conducive to plenty of fresh air and the babies seem to be healthy and happy.

The house is mostly inhabited by Italians, and strangely out of place the cooking stove and kitchen furniture loom in the grand lofty old rooms, with their gilded mirrors between the windows and over the carved marble mantels, the exquisite frescoed ceilings and fine woodwork.

In the parlor, where the old-time Stewarts were wont to entertain their guests, survivors of every variety of an old Italian woman cooks her meals. The marble mantels, upheld by large pieces of exquisite statuary of fine Parian stone, are sadly begrimed with dust and dirt, and the mirrors reflect the extreme opposite, for the days of its glory are departed and only the marble floors and stairs, the rare and once costly woodwork and ceilings tell of the grandeur of the bygone and forgotten days.

But let us remember that it is not so with deeds of kindness and humanity; they live on forever. And more blessed is he that gives needed food and comfort to those destitute "little ones" than he who constructs habitations of rare splendor for the sons of men.

Clothing for a Destitute Family.

A number of bundles of clothing have been received this morning from the kind-hearted readers of THE EVENING WORLD for the very destitute family recently visited by THE EVENING WORLD physician. They will be duly delivered.

SARAZINI'S LAST WISH.

The Suicide Asked His Wife to Meet Him the Day Before He Died, but She Didn't.

Mrs. Margaret Sarazini, widow of the Italian who committed suicide in Hillen's on Monday, went to the Coroner's office this morning and made a statement.

She said she was married to Fernand Sarazini seven years ago and they lived the greater part of that time at 203 Grand street. She never had any serious trouble with her husband except when he drank, when he was very quarrelsome and often threatened to kill her and himself. One morning her stepson Joseph found a note on a table in the house, which translated is as follows:

Aug. 19, 1888.  
DEAR MARGIE: In case I am not home you come to Angelo (a friend who lives at 43 Baxter street). I will wait for you there because I have a good deal of business on hand. Be sure and come. I recommend you to do so. I have got a good deal of work. Yours, FERDINAND SARAZINI.

She paid no attention to the letter, and did not see her husband till he lay dead at the undertaker's shop.

BLANCHE DAVENPORT AGAIN.

The Ballet Girl Held for Robbing Her Roommate of Her Best Dress.

Blanche Davenport, who created some talk about a year ago when arrested for blackmailing Theatrical Agent Hayman, was arraigned in Jefferson Market court to-day for stealing \$100 worth of dresses from her roommate, Agnes Dugan, of 321 East Twelfth street. Blanche is now a ballet girl in the "Fall of Rome."

Miss Dugan, who is a costumer, said she had been acquainted with Miss Davenport for some time, and a week ago she took her room with her. Next day Miss Davenport disappeared with the clothing. Blanche claimed that Miss Dugan owed her money and that she took the clothing in payment.

Blanche lives now at 67 East Tenth street, but was arrested in Brooklyn last night. She was held in default of \$1,000 bail for trial.

Coming Events.

Annual summer-night festival of the McCallan Association at Washington Park Friday, Aug. 24.

July 24th—An excursion picnic and regatta auspices of United Congress American League of Honor at Empire City Coliseum Wednesday, Aug. 29.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. Lein.—The Washington club was in the League last year.

J. C. R.—Pronounce the word as spell: Saracini (wrestling with his infant)—My dear, I never knew before how much Florida takes after me.

F. M.—A man who has been convicted of felony cannot vote in this State, unless he has been pardoned by the Executive.

J. S.—The Noah L. Farnham Post meets at Forty-ninth street and Broadway second and fourth Wednesdays in the month.

P. E. A.—The Young Men's Christian Association keeps a record of furnished rooms to let. Apply at the branch, Fourth avenue and Twenty-ninth street.

C. Burton.—Women are trained as nurses at Bellevue Hospital. Tell your friend to apply at the office of the Committee on Charity and Correction, Eleventh street and Third avenue.

Geo. G. P.—The distance from New York to Sydney, Australia, as the crow flies, is 8,363 miles. The difference in time between the two places is 9 hours 20 minutes, and our clocks are 3 minutes and 50 seconds behind those in Sydney.

A constant reader.—An applicant for a letter-carrier's position must be a citizen of the United States, under forty years of age, of good physique, good moral character, and able to pass a civil service examination in reading, writing, arithmetic and the topography of the city. Apply to the postmaster.

J. H. Jr.—Mr. Harv' undoubtedly meant that our long-projected tariff helps England to a monopoly of the world's trade. We cannot decide whether it is a blessing or a curse. It is hard to judge between Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Wellington, and Napoleon I. not to speak of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome.

BRIGHT BITS OF CHILD TALK.

Sayings of the Sage and Hamlets of the Future.

Our boy—"Boots" we'll call him for short—was away from home for the first time in his life, attending school, a lad of ten or twelve years, and becoming very melancholy, after a few days, he was "talked to" and "reasoned with" a good deal to persuade him to cheer up and not act so morose.

"Well," he retorted, "you can call me what you like, I am very bad, and you can do nothing for me, none of you, and I wish you would let me alone."

"Why, what is the matter, Boots, my boy?" inquired his aunt, with whom he was boarding.

After a few moments of hesitation he blurted out in a crying voice: "I'm dying."

"Now I shall die. I've got two dis of sickness on me at the same time—I'm homesick and sick at the stomach." Dr. C. C. M.

It Did Work to Perfection.

Schoolmasters, as is well known, have a plan of reversing question and answer, with a view of making it quite clear. This does not always work well, judging by the following: A schoolmaster in Yokelton asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists and was promptly answered: "Land and water." Varying the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, he asked: "What, then, do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response: "Mud!"

A Good Bargain.

A little boy going to a fruit stand on the street asked the man how he sold his bananas. He said six for five. The little boy hesitated and said: "Six for five, five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, one for nothing. Please give me one."

A. B., 703 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

A Father of His.

Sammy was a little boy at school in a village far from home. One day his father came to see him, and they took a walk together. Meeting the Principal of the school, Sammy performed the ceremony of introduction.

Mr. S—, said he, "this is a father of mine."

More Interesting.

A French lady said to her little grandson: "Toto, you seem unhappy: will you go to the park and feed the ducks, and see the pretty boats." "No," he replied, "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

Sat on a Shelf.

A little fellow on going for the first time to church where the pews were very high was asked on coming out what he did in the church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

He Wasn't Sick.

Fanny was about to go to school for the first time, and her mother said: "Stick close to your books, Fanny. I ain't sticky!" replied the young innocent!

The Hog's Way.

"Pa, what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? I'm sure they make hogs of themselves!"

How Soda Tastes.

A little fellow, after drinking a glass of soda water, said: "It tastes like my foot's asleep."

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Our Summer Resorts.

[From Life.]

What She Expected.

[From the Merchants' Press.]  
"What was I to expect? I didn't come home to supper last night, Billy," asked Brinkley's wife in a tone that carried warning in it.

"Why-er you got my note saying that I was unavoidably detained, didn't you?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Not by any means."

"Well, I'm looking for a mere note. I was looking for a Billy due."

No Publicity Wanted.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

"So there was a row at your house last night, Quigley?"

"Yes, my uncle was badly hurt. But how did you hear about it? I took every precaution to have the affair kept quiet."

"What precautions did you take?"

"I engaged several detectives to work on the case."

The Probable Reason.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

Nellie—I cannot imagine how the merchant made such an error.

"What error, child?"

"I ordered ten yards of cloth, and here he has sent up a couple of handkerchiefs."